A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.
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THE BEE.
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Do you want reliable news... u want a
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June 23 no number

VOL XIX. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1900 NO. 3.

MR. S. S. LACY, ESQ.

(see page 4.)

In memory of Perry Carson, Purvis, Lee, Saunders, Reyburn, Perry, and others Died, June 13th 1900., in Philadelphia, Pa.

COPYRIGHT 95

THEY SAY

The flim flam leader's idle boasts will do him no good.

Rev. Geo. W. Lee will console nimself in prayer.

The world is full of sorrow

McKinley will be renominatsd by acclamation

Senator Hannah will retire form the chairmanship of the National Committee

Because they are too cowardly to bite and making a loud noise often frightens the intruder.

It is not the man who loudest that will do the most harm

Always watch the quiet man.

If the Invincible Club goes to Philadelphia, it will be the first time in the history of the Club.

Don't be alarmed when you hear a noise

The school board will be appointed soon

The office should seek the man

Think a great deal but don't say anything

Wait until you are asked a question before you answer

Don't be alarmed at shot and shell, especially when they come from a windy politician

The Blaine Invincibles must make a noise to be heard.

Their trip to Philadelphia will not save the places the boys want.

Be a good man and then you will not have to apologize.

It is the man who does the deed that you must fear.

Cheatham is a politician and don't you forget it.

Pledger, of Georgia, has some manhood.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you.

The flim flam leader will get his nose cooked for once and all times come, June 19.

It is the honest and true man who will do his duty.

How did you like the demonstration on the 23th, ultimo

On to Philadelphia is the cry now.

We should be honest as well as brave.

The people in the city are thinking over suffrage.

L. M. Saunders and Dr. Reyburn are not so anxious for suffrage now.

They suffered enough at the last election.

The republican party will win in the next election.

Read The Bee if you want to be happy and wise.

It is the wise man who thinks.

Lookout for the "would be's and have been."

All the world is a stage.

Never desert your friends.

It is not wise to tell all you know.

Think of your friends.

If you know a thing keep it to yourself.

It is the man who talks so much that you must watch.

If you have a friend keep him.

The Bee is your friend.

Read it to day and see.

An apology is void of merit.

What will the Blaine Invincibles i[illegible]?

John B. Wight could not persuade W. H. Thomas to go to the President.

Be up and doing is the watch word of the hour.

Do your duty to your fellow man.

Negro leadership is a failure.

The Bee is the people's choice.

It takes the lead in journalism.

It is so if you see it in The Bee

Look out for a semi-weekly Bee.

It will be a daisy and a gem.

THE BEE is the peoples paper.

HE WAS CRIME'S VICTIM.

How a Millionaire Compelled a Bank Clerk to Steal.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

One of the Queerest Crimes in History—Samuel C. Seeley Has Served Five Years in the Penitentiary—One of the Principals Committed Suicide.

Out of Kings County Penitentiary in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently, after more then five years' servitude, stepped the victim of one of the queerest crimes in history—a man who stole $354,000 for the accommodation of another whom he scarcely knew, in whose house he had never been, whom he never cared for and whom eventually he hated. While columns have been written about the instrument by which this crime was committed, little has been said concerning the master mind which planned the looting of the Shoe and Leather Bank, and under the impetus of which Samuel C. Seely was no more than a wooden puppet.

Frederick Baker was a man of middle height and more than middle age, rotund, well dressed, with gray hair and a rosy face. A large landowner and a reputed millionaire, he yet was beginning to feel the pinch of embarrassment. He kept an open account with the Shoe and Leather Bank, and happened to deal with Seely because the latter had charge of the ledgers from A to K.

It all followed Baker's carelessness in writing out checks for $1,100 more than his account was good for, and Seely, accustomed to handling his orders for considerable sums, let them go through. When Seely found it out next day he was a badly frightened man. The thing that he should have done was to have reported the matter instantly to the president, but that might have entailed a reprimand, and Seely was too weak a man to face his chief's displeasure. Moreover, he understood by report that Baker was a man of wealth, and it did not occur to him that such a suave, white haired, well dressed old gentleman could be a rascal. So he sent a postal card requesting him to cover the deficiency. Baker got the card and tore it up.

Two days later Seely came panting into Baker's office and asked him to square up, and it took the shrewd real estate operator only about one minute to take his measure as a man whom it would be easy to work.

"That's right," he admitted, after the pass book had been balanced, and then he told a beautiful story of a real estate "deal," which would materialize in a few days, after which the account would be promptly squared.

Baker realized that Seely couldn't betray him, even if he wanted to. Then the game began in earnest. Baker had been making small deposits all the time, and checking the money out; but now the checks began to grow larger and the deposits smaller. There were little overdrafts every day or two, and every time he met them Seely realized that he was indeed in a "big hole," and that it was getting steadily bigger.

So it went on from week to week and month to month and year to year. The checks grew larger and more frequent, the overdraft bigger and bigger, and Baker's promises smoother and more magnificent. And Seely still believed him. He never threatened Seely with State Prison. He was never brutally dictatorial, as he might have been. He was always regretful and hopeful, but every day his checks came in at the bank, and poor Seely had to see them paid or confess a shortage, which was up in the tens of thousands of dollars, and he couldn't do that.

Meanwhile Baker was living like a fighting cock, spending thousands of dollars annually. He had an expensive family, maintained a handsome town house and a beautiful country home and was able when he chose to take his family to Europe for a vacation.

During all this time the man who was providing thousands for Baker's speculations was pounding along on $35 a week, trying to meet his insurance premiums and to make payments on his little house in Halsey street, Brooklyn. Every day after banking hours he went home clinging to a strap in a crowded trolley car, while the man whose tool he was could ride in a carriage.

But Seely did not go entirely without reward. After he had supplied Baker with a good many thousands it occurred to him such accommodation was worth something. So occasionally he went to Baker's office and timidly "touched him" for a few dollars. Sometimes it was $2 to go to a baseball match, or $5 for the theatre, and sometimes these "loans" of $2 or $5 or $100 never inconvenienced Baker, because he had only to put out checks for $5, $10 or $1,000, and Seely had to see him through.

All told Baker got about $35,000 a year from Seely. Seely got about $1,000 a year out of Baker, and he paid for it with an amount of misery and suffering which few men endured. And all the time Baker was making gilded promises of restitution, which he never kept. Then at last the system of bookkeeping was changed, and the long dreaded exposure became sure.

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AT
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IRON RAILING

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All work Firstclass.

Shop in Rear of 1344 H Street, N. E

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Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing you will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is

Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (*patented*), another has it; New Stand (*patented*), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

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Charges low.

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It permits the utmost freedom of motion with perfect safety.

All uncomfortable and injurious steel spring pressure is avoided.

The pad is held in place by woven bands, which retain an equal pressure in all positions of the body.

It can be worn in bed, a great desideratum to the youug as tending to a perfect cure.

It is the only suitable truss for children and females.

The proper amount of pressure can be brought to bear and maintained in any position without pinching or hurting to the wearer.

It will cure hernia if placed on the patient sufficiently early.

Excepting umbilical, it is the best truss ever offered for all kinds of hernia.

It is so perfect and comfortable in its adjustment that the patient in a short time forgets he is wearing it. (See the certificate of Mr. Daniel Johnson.)

Sent postage paid to any address on receipt of price; $3 for single and $4 for double truss

In ordering, give location of hernia, right or left side and measurement. Satisfaction given or money refunded when the truss is returned in good order. Address:

L. C. Bailey,

Room 15, 609 F St., N. W.

or 2921 M St., N. W., Wash., D. C.

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George & Co., 908 7th street, northwest, is where you will find the best gents goods. Take your boys there and say The Bee sent you. Mr. George is an affiable and just man to the people.

A UNIQUE FISHING CRAFT.

Captain Jacobs Is Proud of the "Helen Miller Gould."

SAID TO SAIL IN A CALM

The Most Successful of American Fishermen—A Successful Trip—His Trouble With the Irish—An Interview With an Old Sea Dog.

There came into New York harbor the other day a woman's fishing craft. She was the Helen Miller Gould, of Gloucester, Mass.

"The name is an honor to the boat," said Captain Jacobs, as he made fast to the wharf, "and the boat is a credit to the name. How could it be otherwise?"

The curiosity was as to the style of craft which Capt. Jacobs, who is known as "the pioneer" fisherman, had designed. The thing that mackerel fishermen dread even more than a storm is a calm. Without wind to enable them to draw near when the fish are

schooling they might as well be in port. Many a good catch had been prevented by the wind suddenly dying out while the fish were in sight. To secure immunity from loss due in this way to calms, Captain Jacobs placed an order for a small compact electro-gasoline engine of 35 horse-power. He arranged to set this in the stern under the cabin, and he built berths for his battery cells and tanks for his fuel in the same part of the vessel The midship section he set apart for his store and salting quarters; and then found that he had ample space forward for his supplies, for his messroom and for sleeping quarters for his men. The cost of building and equipping the vessel according to Captain Jacobs's plans was $23,000, which is a pretty stiff price for a mackerel schooner, and more than twice as much as many of them cost.

"We owe the success of this trip to the little engine," Captain Jacobs said, as he whisked off the hatch and pointed to the bins full of mackerel lying between the layers of ice in the hold. "There are 36,000 as fine fish as you ever saw, and we got them in two casts of that net. That's pretty near high line. But we'd never have come near them if we had been dependent solely upon our canvas, for there wasn't a whisper of a breeze blowing when we sighted 'em. That engine is the new fangle in mackerel fishing. It's a thing the other fellows will be running after soon."

The Helen Miller Gould got rid of her fish even faster than she caught them, for by 2 o'clock in the afternoon the 36,000 had been sold. Most of the fish went for ten cents each, but the choice brought twelve cents, and the catch put $4,000 in the pockets of the owners—not bad for two hauls of the net in a few days' fishing. On Wednesday morning at daybreak the Helen Miller Gould was scudding out through the Narrows again, bound down the coast in quest of other schools of fish. Miss Gould had expected to pay a visit to her namesake, but other engagements prevented. She probably will inspect the schooner on its return.

Last year was a bad year also for mackerel on this side, and in his efforts to supply the market Captain Jacobs came close to involving this country in another fisheries dispute with Great Britain. In defiance of sailor superstitions he crossed to the Irish coast where mackerel were plenty, in his thirteenth vessel, the Ethel B. Jacobs—named after one of his daughters. And he crossed the ocean in her in thirteen days; would have made it nine, he says, had he not been becalmed four days.

The Irish fishermen heard of his coming and were up in arms against him; but he fished outside the three-mile limit in all sorts of weather, and had good luck. He ran into Liverpool to ship his catch to this side, and the British Government seized his vessel and kept her tied up for a month before he could secure her release. Then he instructed his lawyer to file a claim for damages against England—and went right back to the Irish coast after more mackerel. He had shipped cargoes of fish to the value of $7,000 to this market, when he was told by cable that his wife was seriously ill.

Command of the Ethel B. Jacobs was turned over to his friend and mate Captain William Cluett, and an English pilot was put aboard of her. Then Captain Jacobs came home. Captain Cluett made a successful haul and started to Liverpool with his fish, but the English pilot ran him on a reef on the Irish coast and sent the Ethel B. Jacobs to the bottom. So the thirteenth hoodoo finally got in its work. Captain Cluett is sailing with Captain Jacobs on the Helen Miller Gould, which is pretty good evidence that the loss of the Ethel B. Jacobs is laid to that English pilot.

ON A SHOESTRING.

How a Democratic Leader Was Elected to Congress.

Congressman William Sulzer, of New York City, since he ran for Assembly a number of years ago on a shoestring, and defeated the regular Tammany nominee, has been a great favorite with Richard Croker, and, in fact, is looked upon as his darling light-haired boy. Mr. Sulzer is now serving his third term in Congress, and is counted one of the leaders on the Democratic side of the House.

He is also a member of the New York Press Club. And thereby hangs a tale.

A number of years ago two of his friends employed on a paper were discharged, and they appealed to Mr. Sulzer, then Speaker of the Assembly, to have him use his influence to get them work on another paper.

"All right," said Sulzer. "Start a daily paper of your own, and I'll help you."

And they did.

The paper from the jump carried a large line of advertising, including city work, and its circulation ran up to nearly 60,000 at a bound.

After the withdrawal of Mr. Sulzer, the paper was consolidated with the New York Mercury—now the Daily Telegraph.

Congressman Sulzer remains a great and good friend of the newspaper boys, and holds his membership in the Press Club. He is a forceful and eloquent speaker and an excellent presiding officer.

Repartee In Congress.

"My observation and experience in the House has been that it is extremely dangerous to interrupt a man who is making a speech," observed Representative Champ Clark of Missouri, who gave the cold shivers to Representative Adams of Pennsylvania the other day, when the latter interposed some remark into his utterances on the Philippine question. "If he has good control of his mental apparatus, the chances are all in his favor.

"I once received a stunning blow myself, which exemplified my original statement. It was in the last Congress, when the House was trying to fix a time for debating the civil service law. Some gentleman had proposed that the time should be divided equally between the friends and opponents of the law. Colonel 'Pete' Hepburn, of Iowa, told the House that he thought the time should be divided into three parts. One portion should be given to the friends of the present law. There were others who were in favor of a partial repeal only; they should be given a portion of the time. Then Colonel Hepburn said the other portion of the time should be given to the Democrats, who were for total repeal of the law.

"'How do you know that?' I was rash enough to ask him.

"'Because it is wrong, and the Democrats are always wrong,' he retorted. Afterwards," added the Missourian, "I crossed over to the Republican side and congratulated Colonel Hepburn. I often refer to that incident when I lecture."—Washington Post.

That New England Conscience.

I have heard it denied that small New England children have the New England conscience, but some things I have seen and heard incline me to think that they often have it, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. A story that was told me the other day points that way. One day the mother of a ten-year old boy gave him two slices of buttered bread, telling him to give one of them to his little sister. He carried out the order. That night, when he went to bed, he was evidently disturbed in his mind and remorseful about something, and his mother questioned him in a way to bring out the truth. "I—I wasn't nice to Peggy about that bread and butter," he owned. "Why," asked his mother, "did you take the bigger piece?" "No," he answered, "hers was a little bigger than my piece was, but mine was a good deal butterer!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Latest Airship.

Scientists, geniuses, mechanics, philosophers and cranks are still trying to solve the problem of aerial navigation. Whether any one of them will soon succeed or whether the question is to remain unanswered for years, no one can safely predict. Thus far some problems have been over-

come, but not all. The latest device is the Pickering air ship, an illustration of the working model of which is shown herewith. It is claimed it can be steered, raised or lowered, and speeded against a strong wind. The inventor is confident of its success. But he is not yet quite ready to take his initial voyage.

Evidently Holding Hands.

"Is that young man in the parlor with Maud still?" asked her father, suddenly looking up from his paper.

"Very still," replied her mother.—Chicago Post.

The Lord Mayor of Sheffield, England, has commissioned Onslow Ford to execute a marble bust of Queen Victoria for the new town hall.

During the past fifteen months of his presidency of Oberlin college Dr. J. H. Barrows has delivered 191 sermons, lectures and addresses.

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For Round Bay and Bay Ridge, daily 3.00 p. m.
Leave Annapolis, week days, 6.45 8.55 a. m. 12 m. 3.50 and 7.15 p. m.
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Leave Bay Ridge week days 7.00 p. m.
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11:10 P. M. DAILY—F. F. V. Limited—Solid train for Cincinnati. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati, Lexington and Louisville without change. Observation Car. Pullman Compartment Car to Virginia Hot Springs, without change, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Daily connection for the Springs. Sleepers Cincinnati to Chicago and St. Louis.

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Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C st.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited trains 10.50 a. m., 8.05, p. m., daily.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Express, 10.05 a. m. Vestibuled Limited 3.45 p. m.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland, 10.50 a. m. 8.30 and 1.00 a. m., daily.

For Columbus, 8.05 p. m., daily.

For Winchester and way stations, †8.35 3.40, a. m., and †5.30 p. m.

For Luray, 3.40 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

For Baltimore, week days, x2.35, 5.00, 6.30, x7.05 x7.10, x8.30, 8.35, x9.30, x10.00 a. m., x12.10 n., 12.15, x1.10, x3.00, x4.00, x4.30, x4.35, x5.05, x5.10, x5.30, x6.20, 6.30, x8.00, x10.00, x11.30, x11.35 p. m. Sundays, x2.35 x7.05 x7.10, 8.30, x9.00, a.m., x12.10, x1.10, 1.15, x3.00, x3.30, 4.35 x5.05, x5.10, 6.30, x8.00, x10.00, x11.30, x11.35 p. m.

For Annapolis, 7.10 and 8.35 a. m. 12.15 and 5.30 p. m. Sundays, 8.30 a. m., 4.35 p. m.

For Frederick, week days, 8.35 a. m., 10.50 4.30 5.30, p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m , 1.15 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †10.05 a. m. and †5.30 p. m.

For Boyd and way points, week days, 8.35 a. m., 4.30, 5.30, 7.05 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.15, 7.05 p. m.

For Gaithersburg and way points, week days, 8.35, a. m., 12.50, 3.15, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 7.05 11.25 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.15, 5.00, 7.05, 10.15 p. m.

For Washington Junction and way points, week days, 8.35 a. m., 4.30, 5.30 p. m. Sundays 9.00 a.m., 1.15 p. m.

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All trains illuminated with Pintsch light.

For Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York Boston and the East, week days, 2.35, 7.05(Diner), 8.30 (Buffet) 10 00 (Diner), a. m., 12.10, (Diner) 1.10 (Diner), 3.00 "Royal Limited," Exclusively Pullman Train. Dining Car, 4.00, 5.05 (Dining Car,) 8.00 and 11.30 p. m. Sleeping Car open at 10.00 o'clock.) Sundays, 2.35, 7.05, 9.00 a. m. 12 10, noon, 1.10 Dining Cars, 3.00, 5.05 Dining Cars, 8.00 and 11.30 p. m. sleeping car open ten o'clock.

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For Cape May, week days, 12.10 and 1.10 p. m.

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Remember the number—909.
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NOW IT IS DOOR KNOCKERS.

Shabby Bits of Iron and Brass Eagerly Hunted For.

The would-be bohemian girl is on the lookout for old door knockers. If you meet her rushing from one antique shop to the next, you may be sure she's got the fad and is on the chase. Often one is heard of, but where it was yesterday it is not today, and it is the faddist's business to follow it until she catches up with it. And then, perhaps, some girl who won't give it up, has it. Old door knockers are scarce. They are being copied, it is true, but the manufacturers are not able to duplicate the battered, dented appearance of the knocker that many years ago, in sun and storm, stood as sentinel at the door, ready to echo under the hand of the colonial swain.

Another reason why new knockers are not so acceptable is because they are factory made and all alike. The old ones, being hand made, are stamped each with an individuality all its own, bearing the impress of the workman's skill and, in a measure, of his humor at the time the work was done. It was not the result of the labor of a mechanic, but of an artist mechanic.

So the girl is looking for the shabby, well worn bit of brass that is green with old age. The particular pattern she wants is the lion's head, and if she finds it she pays from $5 to $10 to possess it. There are other patterns—some of flat, plain brass—that are well liked as a second choice. They can be purchased for about $3. Some of the girls take these when they cannot find the lion's head, but continue their search. When they succeed in getting what they want, the less desirable knocker is "swapped" for their latest find, or else sold to one of their friends.

If a girl doesn't succeed in her search at all she buys a new knocker—for which she pays about $3—and buries it in the ground until it becomes green and moldy. Then she gives it to her small brother to play with. She doesn't tell the boy what she wants him to do, but in these war times it is quite certain that the knocker will go through many a mock battle as some piece of ammunition, and when it returns unto its owner is sure to have enough dents to satisfy the most fastidious.

The knocker is now ready to be hung. If the family is enthusiastic it goes on the front door, but when the girl is alone in the enjoyment of her fad it hangs on the door of her own domain, and luckless, indeed, the individual who fails to announce through its voice her desire to enter.—New York Press.

She Discharged a Duty.

Many simple people who obtain marriage licenses of city clerks imagine that the clerk in some way becomes responsible for their marriage and that they are in duty bound to report to him afterwards and let him keep track of their affairs.

A Salt Lake City paper reports that a tall, gaunt woman, with ginger hair and a somewhat fierce expression of countenance, lately came to the county clerk of Boxelder County in that State.

"You're the man that keeps the marriage books, ain't you?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. "What book do you wish to see?"

"Kin you find out if Jack Peters was married?"

Search developed the name of John Peters, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before.

"I thought so," said the woman. "Married 'Lize Waters, didn't he?"

"The license is issued for a marriage with Miss Eliza Waters."

"Yep. Well, I'm 'Lize. I thought I'd ought to come in and tell you that Jack Peters has escaped."—Youth's Companion.

A Philosophical Convict.

Mrs. Ballington Booth and her aids once won the confidence of a prisoner who was feared by all his companions. One day in speaking of his past he told them that he was absolutely innocent of the charge for which he was suffering imprisonment, and he thanked Mrs. Booth for some reading matter she had brought him.

"I have got witnesses to prove my innocence, even if they are in prison now," he asserted.

"Why don't you try to secure a new trial?"

"Well, you see," he replied after a little pause, "I was acquitted of a number of charges where I was guilty, and so when I was convicted of something I never did I said to myself, 'It's just about even balance,' and I took my medicine without any kicking."

Emerson as Art Critic.

"When Emerson, at Concord, in 1879, saw his bust, modeled by Daniel Chester French," says William A. Coffin, in the April Century, "he remarked approvingly, after looking at it intently, 'That is the face that I shave'—not altogether an unconscious tribute to the fidelity of the work, for he recognized that in detail it conformed to nature. Turning to another bust of himself that stood in the room, a portrait quite without character, he said, 'This one is as harmless as a parsnip.' The philosopher thus, in homely speech, gave a very good art criticism, and one that in general terms may be applied to all of French's work."

London's gold shipments to the Cape since the Boer war began have amounted to $8,100,000, against $1,000,000 for the same period in the preceding twelvemonth.

HOW MORMONS PROPOSE.

How a Mother Acts When Asked to Give Her Daughter in Marriage.

Mrs. Hudson describes graphically what she saw and heard in a Mormon household during a significant visit from the elders of the church. Below is an extract:

Three men were ushered into the room. One was tall and of strong, well-marked features and dignified presence. The others were stout and florid and rather nervous in manner, brothers apparently.

Without waiting for a formal introduction, one of these motioned inconsequently toward me and said, "Is she of the Lord's people?"

The woman offered them chairs with a slight inclination of the head, that might have been taken either for answer or for an invitation to be seated.

Was she afraid? I could not tell. The men paid no attention to the invitation for the moment and ignored my presence. They had come upon urgent and important business, they announced, and would state it at once. It was their duty to bear a message to her, one that specially concerned her.

"Yes," said the tall and solemn elder, "it is indeed nothing less than a revelation received by the head of the church last night. It concerns both you and your daughter."

"My daughter!" gasped the woman in scarcely audible tones, and I saw one hand grasp the back of a chair convulsively.

"Your daughter who has now grown to womanhood," continued the elder, "and owes her allegiance to the church."

"What is the revelation?" the woman forced her drawn lips to ask.

"Through the grace of the all wise Father it has been revealed to his disciple, Brigham Young, that your daughter, Clarisse, should become the third wife of Elder W——, here present with us."

An awful silence ensued, and then a convulsive movement in the woman's throat, as if her voice refused to utter a sound, attracted the attention of all, and the men bowed their heads that they might not see.

* * * * * * * * *

Ranged along the wall in a solemn row sat the brother of the bridegroom, his mother, his daughter and the mother of the bride. Clarisse's mother was but the ghost of herself of yesterday; then strong and erect and content; now trembling in her chair as if she would again fall to the floor, her appealing eyes unheeded, for her daughter had been placed so that she could not see her mother.

Almost as quickly as the company was seated—no time being permitted for scenes, that were disliked by the head of the church—the voice of Brigham Young rang out loud and confident. Addressing the first wife, he said: "Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful wife for time and for all eternity? If you are you will signify it by placing her right hand within the left hand of your husband."

The broken, wretched wife reached across the altar, and lifting the delicate hand of the girl with her own work-stiffened fingers laid it in the broad outstretched palm of her husband. Thus was the plural marriage consecrated and the holy institution of Christian wedlock desecrated, in Christian America.

Long afterward I knew that I had witnessed one of the tragedies in what was known among the Mormons as the Reformation and among the Gentiles as the Reign of Terror.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Napoleon and the Press.

"When I returned from Elba," Napoleon is quoted as saying, in the April Century, "I found, among other papers of the Bourbons, an account of six thousand francs paid monthly to the editors of the 'Times,' besides taking a hundred numbers monthly, and I had an offer from them to write for me for payment. I had offers from the editors of several English newspapers to write for me, even during the time of war, previous to my going to Elba, and to insert news and everything else I wished, and that money would be taken to send them to France. I did not do it. I was wrong, however; I ought to have accepted their offers, and then my name would not have been held in such odium in England as it was. This they said themselves to me. For in the end these newspapers formed the public opinion, and always will do. I was very wrong; I see it now."

Cromwell as an Idol

"It was not until 1645," says Mr. Morley in the April Century, "that Cromwell had begun to stand out clear in the popular imagination, alike of friends and foes, as a leader of men. He was now the idol of his troops. He prayed and preached among them; he played uncouth practical jokes with them; he was not above a snowball match against them; he was a brisk, energetic, skilful soldier, and he was an invincible commander. In Parliament he made himself felt, as having the art of hitting the right debating-nail upon the head. The Saints had an instinct that he was their man, and they could not trust him to stand by them when the day of trial came. A good commander of horse, say the experts, is as rare as a good commander-in-chief, he needs so rare a union of prudence with impetuosity."

The largest match factory is in Austria, and each year it uses 22,000 pounds of phosphorus, turns out 2,500,000,000,000 matches, and for the boxes 160,000 feet of wood.

The Bee.

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PRETORIA.

The surrender of Pretoria to British forces is doubtless hailed with joy by every self respecting colored man as well as the English people. The lesson is being taught the Boers that although they may for a time enjoy power by the meanest of all forces—brutes force, yet time will certainly bring just retribution.

For years the Boers have treated the blacks with the utmost cruelty, injustice and tyranny, until they had come to think, that they might succeed in driving the English people from the Transvaal by the same means. In their semi-civilization they were foolish enough to believe that their institutions and their yeomanry could withstand the refinement of English inventive, skill and bravery, only to find that they were hugging a vain delusion and a forlorn hope.

American jingoism and slavonic finesse, together with the slush-gush of yellow journalism can find no sympathy respect or support from honest liberty-loving people of whatever country. Least of all can or will it deter the British government from the vigorous prosecution of the war or prevent the final subjugation of the Boers?

When the flag of England floats in triumph over the defeated Boars, then will the blacks be permitted to pursue the arts of peace and to demonstrate the verity that the color of a maskn's is isno proper measure of his interiority or superiority; but that all men are equally capable and will advance in wisdom, goodness and prosperity according as their opportunities and enviroment are enlarged or circumscribed.

That peace may be restored by the complete subjugation of the relentless Boers is the wish of all colored people, and the sooner, the better.

SYLVESTER S. LACY.

PHILADELPHIA.

Possibly one of the most versatile men of action, achievement and "man of affairs," is the subject of this sketch. Space will not allow us to speak but briefly.

He gave promise very early in life of a most brilliant career.

He was born in Philadelphia on April 18, 1854. We need not relate to the many obsticles to Negro progress in those days, as a moments reflection will remind us that slavery was still rampant and the late Civil War had not begun. His parents seeing evidence of bright manhood in him, he was sent to the only public school even in that great city of brotherly love; at the same time he was put at the trade of a barber with the distinct understanding that he should learn his trade only after school hours. This dreary life has been one of his chief characteristics, which all the more shows his versatility. At an early age he entertained a disposition to travel.

His affability, tact, sagacity and brilliancy, made him always desirable and acceptable in every community he may chance to enter.

In 1873 we find him in Florida. In 1874 the people of Green Cove Springs Florida, made no dissent when he was appointed deputy Post Master to one John Roberts. Possesing many of the elements of true greatness, he modestly declined the nomination to the legislature, which nomination wos equivalent to an election, In reply to the many punctures from his friends for neglecting so important and influential a boon, he said, he cared not for the praise or emnity of any one man or men, if at any time he could not stand on his own merits he wished to fall. We still note in him the same modest but manly principal, sternly expressed in these words, "it is better to be right than President," in all private and public questions in which he is concerned. Desiring to meet or represent in a perfectly capable manner, the many emergencies of the South concerning the Negro, Mr. Lacy resumed studies, in 1876 at Lincoln University, Pa., and later on at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. In 1880 we find this versatile man of action editing and managing "The Washington Sunday Item," in the District of Columbia. The journal in question was a progressive weekly for the general advancement of his race while the local interest of the people was carefully guarded.

Politically, the traditions of republicanism was respected but at no time would it support corrupt men, and causes of any party. No one felt the force of this principal more than those in authority in the various departments who came within its reach for either criticism or exposure. Up to a certain time, the popular and witty Bruce grit was associated, as was the progressive editor of the Washington Bee who has been destinguished as a lawyer, and astute politician. That the broad principals of equity and justice was its ruling Star, is demonstrated in the elements of the general make up of our subject.

He married Clara P. Jackson, a very accomplished lady of a leading family She was one of the leading singers in the famous Catholic choir of St. Augustine Church. Varied interests finally took him to Philadelphia where he has been ever since. The cordiality with which he was received at his home, by his friends, and admirers, cannot be better, more briefly expressed than to say, scarcely had a fortnight passed before they had him, locally, representing them in the executive committees of their party in spite of his repeated protests of premature boldness.

His conservative course made him quite popular, but opposed by potent (white) leaders of the Republican party. But there is a silent and latent force that admits and often boldly supports, that which was manifested in this case, which was demonstrated while he, at the earnest solicitation of friends announced himself a candidate for the School Board of the Seventh School Section of the city of Philadelphia.

This position requires a majority of the popular vote. In the convention that nominated him so overwhelmingly strong was he over other candinates, that the radical leaders never interposed; he was not only nominated by acclamation in the convention, but elected in 1888 at the poles.

Mr. Lacy's conservative principal brought him but little from parties He, therefore was only obligated to the people who, in turn was usually with him. Having seen an announcement in the daily papers, of an examination which would take place, for clerkship in the Post Office, under the Civil Service Rules, he entered the same and passed making a high average and was soon appointed. The Arch demon is ever ready, and waiting to thwart the efforts of the ritghteous.

This brilliant, just, and thoroughly honest man had hardly been assigned to duty in a department, under a certain Supt., before this Supt. in question from prejudice, and a determination to force the conservative position of our subject. to a more radical and fearce one. So unjust were the complaints, carried by this Supt. to the Postmaster, that it became obvious to the Post Office Authorities that the charges eminated rather from sinister than pure motive; and accordingly authorities ceased to further heed them. Then a more criminal conspiracy was resorted to in which he alone was the back and front. Because of superior advantages as an official, he succeeded in destroying. Mr Lacy an a bare technecality and that a forced one, hence he was simply held on nominal time much to the displeasure of his traducer who himself was only saved from purgery because of his position and great influence brought to bear. So indignant and convulsed were the friends of Mr. Lacy that after his release, he was offered many important positions commensurate with his ability, and honest manhood. Among the there was an effort on them part of a director of a bank, a friend and admirer of him to procure a clerkship in his bank which only fell through gh because of never having a colored employee in such a position in the institution.

Being a student as well as a man of honest action and achievement, to whom success has not come by accident, we find him accepting the next position awaiting him, that of principal of a large school at the capitol of Delaware, Dover.

During three years in Deleware he made many influential acquaintances among whom are: Governor, the late Chancelon Walcott, Senators, Gray and Kenny, the present chief justice and many others. Mr. Lacy appeared before the State Legislature in behalf of certain obnoxious School Laws on two occasions. He was not only treated with the greatest courtesy, and respect, but was aided in getting repeal ed these objectionable School laws but three years ago.

At the short session of Congress there is every expectation that the shipping bill will be passed by a large majority.

The idea of building up an American merchant marine by the purchase and free registry of foreign-built ships is entirely repugnant to American people. No wonder, then, no political party is disposed to send for free ships.

The experience of the United States in the purchase of vessels during the war with Spain shows the nation just what can be expected if we were to rely upon foreign shipping with which to build up an American (?) merchant marine. An American merchant marine, to be the real thing, must be American-built.

Exports of lard have increased in value by $9,000,000 since the last Democratic Administration, with its free trade tariff. Republican policies are best for the farmers.

Two great measures are left over for action at the short session of Congress—the passage of the shipping bill and the Nicaragua Canal bill.

Exports of butter were worth—
1895 ..... $915,553.
1899 .....$3,263,951.
The first total was a Democratic free trade year. The second was a Republican protection year.

Wool was imported into the United States as follows:
1896 .....230,911,473 pounds.
1899 ..... 67,736,209 pounds.
The difference was 154,175,264 pounds, which represents the quantity, for one year, sold in the American market by foreign wool-growers instead of American wool-growers. The Democratic free trade tariff robbed the American farmer of his market for 154,175,264 pounds of wool in a single year.

The fact that we are paying to foreign ship-owgers each year more than we collect at all of our customhouses, is one that intensifies the determination of the American people to put American ships into our foreign carrying trade, so that the freight earnings on our foreign carrying may be kept at home.

Tammany is anxions to in a "sweeping reform" cry into the national campaign. At home, in New York State, Tammany has to defend itself against its record for the highest tax-rate and for its Tammany ice trust. Reform should begin at home.

With free ships out of the way, as an alternative proposition with which to build up the American merchant marine, Congress at the coming short session can apply itself to the consideration and passage of the Ship Subsidy bill. That action is already assured.

The prosperity upon which the Republican party mainly relies for victory is the genuine article. It is unexampled in the history of this or any other country. It is so great and all-pervading that the calamity howlers of 1890 have lapsed into silence.—Washington Post.

It having been made clear that the free registry of foreign-built ships meant merely the building of the ships our commerce requires in British instead of American ship-yards, the Representatives in Congress of each of the political parties are opposed to it. It is a dead issue.

In 1896, President McKinley said: "I hope that the time will not be far distant when every workingman in this country can get work, and get it, too, at fair and remunerative wages." The time was not far distant, and it is still with us.

Free traders who have been advocating as the only remedy needed for the building up of American ships the free registry of foreign vessels, are in a quandary now, due to the fact that no party in Congress favors the proposition.

With foreign ships carrying 97.85 per cent of our entire foreign commerce with Europe—which latter is valued at over $1,300,000,000—it is indeed high time Congress took measures to see that American ships were better represented in that vast carrying trade.

With the heat of political campaign out of the way, and the chance for making partisan capital out of the question, the shipping bill is sure to be early considered and promptly passed at the short session of Congress.

When farmers can pay $140 for cows and $50 for six-months old heifer calves they have surely found the golden standard.

Corporal L. J. Easley, writing from the Philippines to his mother in Ohio, says: "If some of those traitors in the United States had kept their mouths shut we would have had them (the Filipinos) whipped long ago. Anyone that upholds anti-expansion is no better than an insurrector." This confirms other similar reports of the Democratic support given to Aguinaldo.

Before Christmas, the general expectation is, the Ship Subsidy bill will be a statute of the United States.

A vote for a Democratic Congress man means a vote for Free Trade, Free Soup, Free Silver, Free Bread Free Poorhouses and Freedom from Wage—earning.

The humiliating fact that but 2.15 per cent of our commerce with Europe is carried in American vessels will stimulate Congress to pass the shipping bill early in the coming short session.

The increase in our foreign trade is keeping pace with the formation of industrial combinations.

While the population of the United States has doubled since 1870, there has been an increase of 163 per cent of post offices in the United States, thus affording 63 per cent better facilities for the delivery of mail to the people

During the coming national campaign much will be heard about the need of an American merchant marine legislation in behalf of which will be passed at the next session of Congress.

SUCCESS OF MRS. DAVIS.

EXERCISES BY PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

At an early hour last Tuesday night the M street high school was filled to over flowing, hundreds of persons being turned away who had come out to witness the rote song recital by pupils of the ninth, tenth and eleventh divisions. The schools taking part were those in charge of Misses Parker, Payne, and Ruby, third grade; those of Misses Perry, Pierre and Williams, fourth grade; those of Misses Liggons, Orme and Russell, fifth grades; those of Misses Baldwin and Thompson, sixth grade; those taught by Misses Bush, L. Chase and Washington, seventh grade, and Misses Cook, Gibbs and Lucinda Cook, eighth grade.

The director of music, Mrs. Alice Strange Davis, was supported by her assistants, Misses Lola Johnson, Lovina Haywood and Marie James and Mr. J. F. Layton, all of whom conducted the grades under their immediate supervision.

Miss Gregoria Fraser, a young pianist, played a couple of solos, which were well received. Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar favored the audience with the recitation of his Peoms. and Mr. Joseph H. Douglass contributed a violin solo, which was encored. The dicector of music received many congratulations upon the manifest progress of the musical department of the public schools in the divisions named.

OUR WOMAN'S COLUMN.

MISS NANNIE VIOLA HEARTGROVE EDITOR.

Every time a Negro presents himself to a white organization or public meeting place and is refused the white press, especially of the South, publish in bold headlines, "Color Line Drawn etc." The day Mrs. Ruffin of Mass. serving as delegate from her organization attended the convention held by the Confederation of Women. Her credentials were alright and so was Mrs. Ruffin but she forgot one thing—that she was colored and created quite a scene by her presence and refusal to surrender her badge. While she was alright, better than many and worse than none she was a colored woman, made so by Devine hands and had no right sit among white women made by the same God. Possessing that intellectual power, womanly courage and will so often found among the hundreds of educated Negro women, who because of their training feel the keener these insults she faced the issue calmly yet deliberately and taught the women of the convention that the women of the race to which she belongs are unyield ing in the cause of right and duty. She hurled defiance in the face of the convention and snapped her finger at their cowardly threats.

Some of our white friends seem to think that they have won a great victory when they snub us in public and send word around the world, "Another Negro snubbed." Quite mistaken are they if they think this is the way to stop our onward march it cements the closer race zeal and love. It rouses our sense of the equality of woman to woman and makes us more determined to press forward. Persecution and discrimination is the furnance in which God has thrown us and we will come out as pure gold. Such snubs as that given Mrs Ruffin strengthens our race forces. Every time one of our own is snubbed some strong intelectual character dormant is aroused to sympathy and to action. We are discouraged because of this action on the part of the women of the federation. Our women north and south are united by this one act to work together.

We have but one appeal to make to our women and that is that they will not seek admission to the white organizations that have at their heads women known to be prejudiced and when they say sisterhood they mean white, not octaroons, for they are not any more their sister than a naptaroon.

There are too many womens' organizations of color that need or support and talent and to waste time and money go ing to white conventions to be snubbed because you are black and can't help it. I believe in the sisterhood of women but not enough to spend money and time in white organizations which give all to work among their own people Right through here we want all we have and all we can get.

If some of us would spend half the time we use in trying to get white and make our hair straight at intelectual improvement we would be far better off. Octaroons haven't any more show than naptaroons among white people.

The Progressive Association of Washington has been added to the long list of organizations for the improvement of our condition. We have enough organizations and plans. We want to work and accomplish some of the purposes laid down in the solutions of these bodies.

When a white people begin to throw flowers at a Negro after he makes a speech rest assured that that Negro has given them a sugar coated pill to soothe their conscience. They know full well that they wronged us and mistreated us when they had no reason to do so and cannot get over it.

The Womans Federation discussed the Servant Girl problem. The solution of this problem is in the hands of those who hire. Better wages, more time, and better treatment. There are hundreds of proficient servants but they will not work for nothing and take the treatment of slaves from the women who pose as mistress.

A GREAT FUNERAL.

FUNERAL SERMON BY COL. M. M. PARKER.

At Philadelphia, Penn., June 14th Perry H. Carson better known as Col. L. M. Saunders, Geo. W. Lee, the N. Carolina Negro preacher; C. B. Purvis, Dr. Reyburn, a suffrage advocate, last but not least L. M. Saunders, experienced a political death. The funeral sermon was delivered by Col. M. M. Parker. Chief pallbearers were, Bob Keys, an ex-saloon keeper; W. H. Thomas, Dr. Marshall, Writ. McKinley, Charles Peters, Daniel Murray and others.

TRAY, BLANCHE AND SWEETHEART.

LITTLE DOGS AND ALL, SEE HOW THEY BARK AT ME.

Dogs will bark and growl at each other, no matter how well behaved they are So it is with men. For thirty years there have been a lot of dogs in the community who have done nothing but bark and growl at each other Some men dislike very much to see you prosper. If you should advance higher up the ladder of fame than they advance, you will see them make a kick, swear and abuse you. These are what are known as poodle dogs. A poodle dog is the most harmless and no doubt the most noisy.

There are several other kinds of dogs The spits. This class of dogs are spiteful and shy. They are too cowardly to attack you openly. There are the bull dogs. There are certain kinds of bull dogs. Some are blooded, some others are imitations. That is they look like bull dogs and if you did not know them, you would become frightened. There are other kinds of dogs. The barking dog, that is a dog that barks the moment he sees another dog and especially if that dog is handsome.

There are dozens of men in this town like some of the dogs described above.

MR. JAMES O. HOLMES.

Of the W. Calvin Chase Republican Club, Special aid to the Grand Marshall, it Philadelphia, Pa., June 18th.

The old boys picnic and fine shad bake conducted by J. Ortoway Holmes at Eureka Park, June 7th, was a great success and Mr. Holmes has been asked to repeat it. He will do so after his return from the National Republican Convention, where he will act as special aid to the grand marshal to which position he was appointed several weeks ago.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

Why should you dread the morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting,
And, though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
The precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse);
But, whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene'er you can.

CALAMITY MURRAY.

One bright Summer morning John Murray kissed his wife and newly born babe, and with a light heart hurried away to his work, singing merrily as the lark. The sun came over the hills and made the dewdrops on the flowers sparkle like so many diamonds; birds sang in every tree, and the skies seemed bluer and brighter than ever before, but how many days of sorrow have dawned as bright?

A storm came up after noon, and a cyclone swept over the hills, leaving a trail of death and desolation. John Murray came home—no, not home. His home had stood in the path of the cyclone. The humble cabin was now a pile of broken timbers.

Strong arms and willing hands cleared away the logs, and beneath them they found the mangled body of the young wife, dead.

Like the giant oak of the forest, rent by the storm, is the grief of a strong man when all that is near and dear is taken from him in one moment, without warning. By the mangled body of his dead wife John Murray cried aloud in his anguish. Friends and neighbors came by and bye, and took him away, and when his first terrible grief was over they brought his child. Clasped to its mothers breast, they had found it unhurt. Maternal love grows stronger when face to face with death, and, dying, the woman had saved the child.

John Murray turned from the child with a shudder; from the little white face the eyes of his wife looked up into his.

"What shall we call him, John?" asked the kind neighbors who had cared for the child, one day when it was several months old.

The mangled form of the dead wife, the ruined home, rose before the father, and he answered: "Call him Calamity."

So Calamity Murray was named.

Before the child was a year old John Murray sickened and died, of a broken heart, his neighbors said, and Calamity grew up like the wild flowers on his native hills. The rough mountaineers had tender hearts, and the child never suffered for food or clothing, but no one ever spoke a kind word to him, and early in life he realized somehow that he was an outcast. He grew to manhood, ignorant and rough as the poorest of the people around him, and with the feeling that he had no friend in the world. Why did he not go away? Because to him the world was hemmed in by the blue hills around his native valley.

Calamity found work with the moonshiners, and he soon became an expert at making the "mountain dew," as the liquor was called. But somehow the moonshiners distrusted him, and his every movement was watched. Once he was intrusted with a wagon load of the illicit whiskey and sent over the mountain into Willis Valley to dispose of it. Before he had sold a single gallon the wagon was captured by revenue officers, who started to Huntsville with Calamity, after disposing of the team and the load. Somehow Calamity managed to escape from the officers, and made his way back to the still in the mountain. His story was not believed, and he was openly accused of being a spy and a traitor. Four well-armed and desperate moonshiners bound Calamity with ropes, leaving only his legs free, and started with him to Willis Valley to learn if there was any truth in his story. They found the story of the capture true, and released Calamity after cursing him for his stupidity and carelessness.

After all this he went back and worked for these men again, because he knew no better, but the distrust of him had been increased, and his life was made [illegible] than ever before.

TOUSE'S FIRE COMPANY.

Little Opportunity to Fight Flames, But It Was Useful.

A stranger went into the engine house in La Salle street and asked questions. After he was enlightened he said to his informant:

"There have been some changes in the business since I was in it. I reckon you never heard of the Touse volunteers?"

The informant never had.

"Touse is the name of the town. It's spelled T-a-o-s. It was a lively place in its day—down in the lower end of Buchanan county, Mo. County that St Joe's in. It was a volunteer outfit, the company was. We had a hand engine and our uniform was red shirts, blue nankeen breeches, red-top boots and oilcloth caps. You never see any caps like them now."

"Have many runs?"

"Not to fires. There was but one fire in the town in two years, and that was a haystack."

"You hadn't much to do, then?"

"Didn't we? We was in demand all the time. Touse was a great place in its day for runaway couples to get married, and as the captain of the volunteers was the Justice of the Peace he always called out the company to be present at the connubialities, as he called them, and there was no marriage until we got there. Sometimes there was a dance after the wedding, in the public square, and the bride had to allmande left and sashay with every member of the volunteers before she did with her husband.

"Then we used to have foot races on the Fourth of July, and whenever there was a county fair we were the ones altogether lovely. In the winter time when the circuit rider came to town and got up a revival we always turned out, and if the sinners didn't come to taw as lively as they should we would pull straws to see who would go up as mourners, and in that way the revival would be prolonged. It was always understood that the one that pulled the short straw had the privilege of backsliding after the season was over.

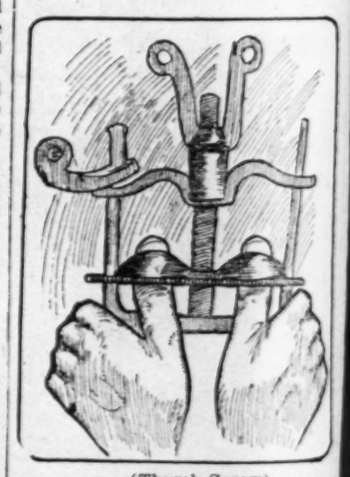
"There were no secret orders in Touse at that time, so when a prominent citizen kicked the bucket, as we said of a man when he died, the Touse volunteers turned out and planted him with Masonic or Odd Fellow honors, according to the wishes of his friends. There was no hearse in the towns, so we put the deceased on the engine. If his friends wanted Masonic honors over his grave our captain would toot the trumpet; if it was Odd Fellow honors that was demanded we rung the bell; and in that way strangers in Touse always knowed which way the deceased had affiliated, so to speak, in his life. There wasn't much in Touse that the volunteers didn't take a hand in."—Chicago Tribune.

FOUND IN GALICIA.

Medieval Tortures Still Used in the Smaller Towns.

The illustration is from the Vienna Extrablate, which describes the horrors of medieval tortures still practised in Galicia.

For this crime Paul Rabrei, a commissary of police in the town of Sam-



(Thumb Screw).

bor has been sentenced to only eight months' imprisonment, while six of his subordinates received sentences varying from one to ten months for having obeyed his order.

Rabrei's favorite mode of punishment was the thumbscrew. His instrument of torture was even more cruel than that used by the Spaniards during the Inquisition in the Middle Ages.

The authorities have discovered that these tortures are inflicted in many of the smaller towns of Galicia, and a thorough inquiry has been ordered.

During the trial of Rabrei it was learned that at least a dozen prisoners had their hands and feet disabled by this cruel henchman. The press is indignant at the very light sentence imposed.

In the Hands of Friends.

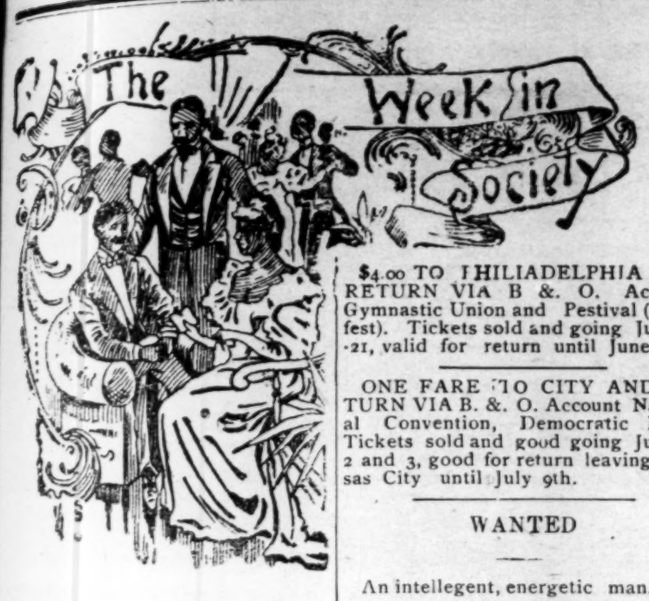
The farmer had just arrived in town.

"What," he asked of his new-found friend, "is a bunco-steerer, anyway? I have seen a great deal about them in the papers."

"Of course," replied his friend, "you know what a bunk is?"

"Certainly," replied the farmer.

"Well, a bunco-steerer is merely a man who steers another man to his bunk when he is unable to find it himself. He is a guide, a philosopher, and a friend. And now that question disposed of, I would like to show you where you are sure of getting not less than $50 for $1 if you follow my advice in the matter."—Chicago Evening Post.



Miss Barrier will leave the city shortly for the Paris Exposition.

Miss Ida C. Turner has left the city for Philadelphia, Pa. Her visit in this city to relatives and friends was very enjoyable.

The graduates of the Normal Class '99 have been appointed. There will be two more vacancies this month.

The Janitors picnic which will take place this month, will doubt be largely attended.

The Presbyterians will have an "outing" at Madre's Park this month.

Mr. Jno. Blueford of the college department, Howard University, left this week for Phila. Pa. Mr. Blueford will take a course at Cornell college, next winter.

Mr. W. Horatius Jones, a very enterprising young man of this city, has gone to Atlantic City. where he has opened a tailoring establishment.

Miss Ella Jones continues on the sick list.

The graduating exercises of the Sewing school at Park Temple, monday evening, June 4, were very interesting.

Miss Alice Lewis who was spending a while in Frederick City Md., as the guest of Mrs. Mamie Ware—Jones has returned.

Miss Alice Wilder is holding the position as cooking school teacher, very creditably.

Miss Katie Tayleur is preparing to leave the city for the mountains of virginia.

Mrs. Samuel D. Milton has been very much indisposed for several weeks.

Let the Negroes leave the South at once.

There was another fight in the fashionable row on 11th street, Thurs day Evening. It may be a Police court case.

Mrs. Susan Pendleton of Carolina, Co., the aunt of Mrs. D. C. Jones died last Sunday Morning and was buried on last Monday Evening. Mrs. Jones who left for the funeral returned to the city last Wednesday evening.

Invitions are out for the marriage of Miss Evelyn B. Grimshaw to Mr. L. G. Fletcher Jr., Wednesday Evening June 27th, at 8:30. Miss Grimshaw is one of the best known lady teachers in the public schools. Mr. Fletcher is a teacher in the business High School and a lawyer of ability. They will be at home after July 1st, 1213 Linden, st., N. E.

A BRILLIANT AFFAIR.

One of the most fashionable receptions ever given in this city was tendered by Hon. John P. and Mrs. Greene, at their handsome residence, on last Thursday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Myers, of Ohio. Mr. Myers is the alternate delegate at large from Ohio and he met some of the most distinguish people in the city who were to do him honor. Mrs. Myers is a most accomplised lady and a lady of remarkable beauty. Among a few of those present were: Dr. John R. Francis and wife, Prof. Robert H. Terrell and wife, Daniel Murry and wife, Dr. Bruce Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Brown, Miss Hattie Jackson of Pittsburg, Pa. Gen'l. Robert Smalls, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Merrewheather, Rev. S. N. Brown, Mr. W. Calvin Chase, Mr. Harlin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Mr. Andrew F. Hilyer, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Richardson, and hundreds of others. Mr. and Mrs. Myers will leave for Philadelphia, Monday. Miss Jackson, will leave for Pittsburg, Monday also.

Mr. Aldrigh T. Lewis was elected to represent W. A. Freeman Lodge No. 2099. G. U. O. of O. F. as a Delegate to the B. M. C. which is to be held at Louisville Kentuckey during the month of october next Mr. Lewis received his great honor by a unamious vote which showed the respect and high esteem his Lodge has for him. He is at present representing his Lodge in The Hall Association being Treasurer and one of the Directors of that body. Mr. Lewis is one of Washingtons most worthy young men, he is employed in the District office, having been appointed more than 10 years ago. He is a member and Trustee of 19th St. Church being the Vice-Chairman of the Board. He is connected with many interests for the advancement of his race. W. A. Freeman Lodge could not have made a better selection. Mr. Lewis will make a capable delegate in every respect and it hoped by his many friends that in distributing the honors the B. M. C. will not overlook him.

$4.00 TO PHILIADELPHIA AND RETURN VIA B &. O. Account Gymnastic Union and Pestival (Turnfest). Tickets sold and going June 15 -21, valid for return until June 26th.

ONE FARE TO CITY AND RETURN VIA B. &. O. Account National Convention, Democratic Party. Tickets sold and good going July 1, 2 and 3, good for return leaving Kansas City until July 9th.

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A GAMBLER'S CHANCES.

Tests of the Law of Probabilities in Betting.

A law which cannot be depended upon seems a contradiction in terms, yet such is the law of probabilities. In tossing a coin 100 times the law reuires that it fall heads fifty times and tails fifty times. This discrepancy between theory and practice fascinates the attention and invites investigation.

A law to be capricious, apparently, in its operation might be suspected to be no law at all, and the fact that it is not inexorable in practice has given rise to "systems" of gambling, by which players seek to take advantage of the law and to make a broker's commission on their dealings with chance.

The best known of these delusive systems is the Martingale in all its various modifications. The basis of this system is the method of doubling the stakes after every loss, so that when the player finally wins once he recoups all former losses and receives a profit equal to his first wager. With unlimited capital and under proper conditions this would be an absolutely certain method of continuous success at gambling, whether the chances were even or not. But such conditions are never realized. A Chicagoan who has made a study of the law of probabilities and of various "systems," talking on this subject a few days ago, said:

"Supposing the bank would permit continued doubling, let us examine whether the player by the Martingale system really has yoked the laws of chance to his chariot. If you draw cards promiscuously from a deck and forfeit a cent for every time you draw a red card, winning one cent every time you draw a black card and doubling your stake after every loss—you will find that with a capital of thirty-two cents you can usually double it in about sixty-four draws, although the bet is always fair and the chances even.

"There will be one case in about thirty-two when you will draw red cards six times running—when you will not be able to double your stake and will lose thirty-two cents—about the amount you had previously won. If one could get a copyright on the elimination of that thirty-second chance he could bankrupt the gambling world. Many have tried to devise some plan of allaying the severity of this thirty-second chance, but in the words of the humorist it is trying to 'unscrew the unscrutable.'

"Supposing the chances are even and the player starts a Martingale with $1 and loses; stakes $2 and loses; $4 and loses; $8 and loses; $16 and still loses. Now he has lost $31 in all and has lost five times in succession. Mathematics assures us that the chance of losing five times in succession in an even game is one in thirty-two, there being thirty-one chances against it. Theoretically, then, our player will win thirty-one times by his system, winning $1 each time, but the laws of chance require that he lose—on the average—the thirty-second time, and he will then lose $31, just the amount he has previously won.

"If he goes on losing until he has staked in all $1,024—of which there is one chance in 1,024—he will probably have drawn the one unlucky chance which, out of 1,024 plays, he would be reasonably certain to draw, thereby losing $1,023, or all that he had previously won, if the law of probabilities were justified. If his capital should be $1,000,000, the process needs only to be prolonged to bring out the one unlucky chance by which he will lose all he has previously won, the chance being exactly one to one that he will quit the game without loss or gain, no matter how long he plays."

This discussion has had in view only such gambling devices as offer even chances to the player, since it is obvious that if a player cannot get any advantages where the chances are even he certainly cannot where there is a percentage in favor of the proprietor of the game, or where the price he pays for a chance is more than the mathematical value of the chance, which is, of course, the case in all games run for profit, such as faro banks, lotteries, slot machines, and all card games in which the dealer gets a commission on the sale of chips.

The fascination of gambling lies largely in the capriciousness of the law of probabilities when applied to a small number of events. Mathematics assures us that the precision with which the law can be applied increases as the square root of the number of events to which it is applied. There could be no attraction in games of chance if the theory of chances worked out accurately in a small number of events—for example, if in tossing pennies the coin were certain to fall heads and tails alternately, as it should do to illustrate the law of probabilities with precision.

If a gambler's capital allowed him to play long enough in a fair game he would quit even; why then will he continue to play when there is a percentage in favor of the banker? Most probably because his observation, covering a relatively small number of chance events, leads him to believe that the law of probabilities is not inexorable and he chooses to follow what he thinks has been his experience rather than to listen to the indubitable conclusion of mathematics.

Biggs—Figgs has the clearest head of any man I know.

Diggs—That's right; there is absolutely nothing in it.—Chicago News.

HIS FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Struggle of a Woodsman Who Met With an Accident.

From the heart of the Adirondack wilderness comes the following pathetic story of a woodsman's heroic struggle for life after meeting with a terrible accident.

The accident occurred on the shores of lake Massawepie, in the town of Piercefield. A lumberman by the name of Jerry Dudy had contracted to furnish logs for the mill at Piercefield. He occupied with his wife and week old baby, a solitary cabin on the shores of the lake.

Dudy was at work some three miles in the forest felling spruce timber. One day last week he had cut through a tree about two and a half feet in diameter, and in felling it, it had become lodged in some nearby trees. This is a common occurrence, but the work of disengaging the tree involves great danger, and is the cause of many serious accidents.

Dudy proceeded to "butt off" the tree. The crash came at an unguarded moment, and he was knocked down, his right leg pinned to the earth under the great weight.

He was unconscious for some time, but after regaining his senses, he was not slow to realize the exceeding peril of the situation in which he was placed. He knew that if he remained inactive for any length of time he would freeze to death. He could just reach the ax, which had fallen near him, and with his knife he cut a portion of the helve that he might use the blade to better advantage in his reclining position.

The night advanced, the stars appeared one by one in the heavens, and still the brave man toiled on. Oftimes he dropped his ax in despair. But the thought of wife and baby at home always caused him to take up his task with renewed vigor.

At last the tree was cut through, and with all his remaining strength he rolled the short butt from off his limb. He was free. He tried to rise, but his strength was fast failing, and he sank to the ground. On examining his leg he found it to be broken in two places and frozen stiff.

Late the next day he reached the door of his cabin, almost dead from exposure and loss of blood. He had crawled three miles over the broken and almost undefined wood trail, dragging behind him his crushed and broken limb. The thought of loved ones at home had given him strength to accomplish the almost herculean task.

His wife rendered such aid as was in her power, and then tramped through the deep snow a distance of over a mile to the nearest neighbor. Everything was done to relieve the man until a physician could arrive from the village of Piercefield, thirteen miles away.

Pneumonia set in. He had suffered more than human strength could endure, and with the wife and child beside him, for the love of whom he had suffered so much, he passed away.—Utica Herald-Despatch.

Sound and Distance.

"When people read that armies are engaging each other at 2,000 yards distance they think the combatants can see each other, but they cannot," said an officer. "At that distance it is impossible to distinguish between a man and a horse, and at 1,200 yards, especially where there is any dust, it requires the best kind of eyes to tell infantry from cavalry. At 900 yards the movements become clearer, although it is not until they get within 750 yards of each other that the heads of the columns can be made out with anything like certainty.

"Infantry can be seen in the sunlight much more easily than cavalry or artillery because less dust is raised. Besides, infantry are distinguished by the glitter of their muskets. At 2,000 yards, however, everything is unsatisfactory, even with the aid of field glasses, for a marching column in dry weather raises a great deal of dust."

Unpopular With the Boers.

Probably the responsibility for the Boer war rests more upon Cecil Rhodes and John Hayes Hammond, an American mining engineer, than upon any other persons. It will be

(John Hayes Hammond).

remembered that Hammond took a prominent part in the celebrated Jameson raid, and he is one of the worst hated men in the land ruled by Kruger.

Seven Out of Eight.

Eight married reserve men, who all lived in a certain small street in the west of London, were sent out to the front at the commencement of the Boer campaign. News has come to hand that seven of the eight have been killed, while the other is dangerously wounded.

RIDES VICIOUS BRONCOS.

But McGinty at Last Met More Than His Master.

HE HAS A CRUSHED LEG.

How He Lost His Seat But Did Not Lose His Nerve—McGinty Was One of the Most Modest of the Rough Riders.

The bucking bronco of the West is more dangerous than Spanish bullets, according to William McGinty, who has had experience of both. McGinty was one of the famous band of Rough Riders who charged up San Juan Hill on a certain memorable occasion nearly two years ago. More recently he has been engaged nightly in charging up the miniature San Juan Hill in Madison Square Garden, New York, along with the other troopers and cowboys of the "Wild West" show. At present he is laid up with a crushed leg, as the result of a close range engagement with one of the prize "buckers" of the outfit.

McGinty was not thrown. The horse has yet to come out of Texas that can unseat the diminutive trooper once he gets his leg over the saddle. This particular animal, however, being full of original ideas, as well as a devil incarnate, thought to rid himself of his unwelcome rider by a flying sidewise leap. In the course of this leap he brought up against the side fence of the arena. McGinty's leg was between the wall and the horse. One bone was snapped short off, and the other was crushed. The little man did his "turn," rode the four footed catapult across the arena and then slid

(A Tough Customer).

out of the saddle close to the side wall so that the audience might not see that he was injured. That is McGinty's way of doing things.

Although the most silent and unassuming man in the Rough Riders, McGinty probably had a wider circle of friends among the members of the regiment than any other man who was in the ranks. He found favor with his comrades while they were drilling at San Antonio by the characteristic humor of a reply that he made to Colonel Leonard Wood.

The cowboys of the regiment were more accustomed to the saddle than to walking, and they found difficulty in keeping step, McGinty was a particularly arrant offender, and at length the commander directed a particularly sharp query in his direction, asking him if he could not possibly keep in step with the other men.

"I'm afraid I can't sir," said McGinty, saluting respectfully; "but if you'll give me a horse I can keep step with the best of them."

McGinty is a representative of a rapidly disappearing profession—that of the "bronco buster." No man who has not tried to remain for two minutes atop one of the genuine "mankillers" of the Western plains can realize what that means. "Major" Burke, who is an authority on the subject, says that men in that business do not last for more than a dozen years on the average. Aside from his present serious injury, McGinty is still strong and wiry, but at different periods of his career he has had a dozen or more individual and separate bones broken in the course of his encounters.

"It isn't a business a man would naturally pick out," said McGinty, in discussing his occupation, "but I sort of drifted into it. I started out as a cow puncher, and, of course, it was a part of our work to break the range horses to saddle. When they found out that I could stick onto a bucker pretty well they gave me harder and harder ones to try. That's the way I got into the work. I rode broncos all along the Pecos River. I rode 413 in one year that I kept account of. You never can tell what one of these 'outlaws,' as we call them down in Texas, may do. The one that smashed my leg the other night has a trick of shutting his eyes tight and making a wild leap. That was the way he run into the wall. Of course the buckers used are the very worst that can be obtained. They all have records and are bought for that purpose. They get worse instead of better as time goes on, as a general rule. The horse I was just speaking of had only been mounted once before the other night, so I am not predicting what he may accomplish before he gets through with me."

McGinty said this as though he were talking about the weather. But McGinty is not theatrical or spectacular. He is one of the everyday heroes.

A nugget taken from one of the Joplin, Mo., zinc mines the other day weighed an even ton. This sparkler was principally of zinc ore, trimmed in calcite, pink spar and cubes of galena

NOW TORTURES HIS WIFE.

More About the Black Prince's Cannibal Instincts.

WHITE WIFE LEAVES HIM

She Captured and Petted Him But His Cruel Nature Was Not Subdued—Rescued From the Hands of a Brutal Savage.

The untamed demon within Lobengula, the black "Prince" from Africa, has been aroused. It has thrust out its claws and bared its yellow fangs. And thereby has it proven the Prince to be worse than the brute that humanity at its lowest always is. Dispatches have told how this man, who for months has been the centre of attraction for amusement-loving London society and the pet of fair ladies, has horrified his patrons and admirers by an exemplification of barbaric manners not provided for in the contract between himself and the managers of the great British exhibition in which he has been the star performer.

The beautiful wife who deserted her family and friends and defied all the traditions and conventions of the fashionable world in which she held social sway, in order to marry the dusky chieftain whose fascinations proved to her stronger than all other ties, has fallen a victim to her husband's hereditary but long-repressed thirst for human blood.

He proceeded to beat his pretty white wife with energy and frequency, and even more energetically and frequently as he realized that she was estranged from all her friends, and was too proud and too ashamed to complain of him to strangers and seek their protection.

What Kate Jewell has suffered because of her own unjustifiable and inexcusable folly no mortal save herself will ever know. She has schooled herself to silence and endured what came to her with the stoicism of an Indian at the stake. Having taken her life in her own hands and ruined it, she has been brave enough to suffer the consequences and make no sign.

But at last the end has come. Lobengula, the handsome and fascinating Prince, the passionate lover, the devoted husband, has become metamorphosed into Lobengula the savage and the cannibal, whose horrid craving for human blood has manifested itself in a murderous attack upon his loving and defenceless wife, the scars of which she will carry to her grave.

Shut away from the rest of the world with the man whom she had chosen from all others to be her husband, Kate Jewell found herself face to face with death in its most cruel and brutal form. As the tiger springs from the jungle upon its unsuspecting prey, so sprang upon her this human tiger, whom she had captured and petted, but not subdued. His strong hands grasped her like bands of steel; his bloodshot eyes glared into her very soul. For one moment he held her powerless, gloating over her helplessness, and then deep into the white flesh of her arm he sank his teeth, biting and tearing and snarling like the wild beast that he is, while the warm red blood of his victim dyed his savage lips and dripped down in the soft folds of her silken robe. The one shriek of mortal terror and despair which came from the tortured woman's lips before a black hand stifled her utterance brought some passers-by to the rescue. Civilization conquered savagery for the time being, and the black demon was overpowered.

The Prince is a handsome fellow in his own peculiar way. He combines the sinuous grace of a creeping panther with the physical perfection of a human creature to whom nature on his own account has been more than kind. But he has lost his white wife.

THE VEILED PRINCESS.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway Saw Her.

Gen. Cherif Pasha is Turkey's diplomatic representative at the court of his Majesty King Oscar of Sweden and Norway. The General is one of the few Turks allowed to take his wife with him when serving at a foreign court. She is a princess, being the daughter of a former ruler of Egypt. Princess Ermine—such is her name—must, however, observe all the rules of the Koran and the Phophet while away from the land of mosques. No gentleman has ever had the pleasure of meeting her, and at all dinners given by the General to his colleagues he is compelled to "borrow" the wife of some other ambassador to "do the honors."

King Oscar, it is said, has always been curious to gaze upon the face of the renowned Princess, for she is said to be beautiful, witty and talented. At a bazaar recently held for the benefit of the English church the Princess was given a private view of the rooms. The hour at which she was to pay her visit became known to the jolly King, who hastily made his way to the building. They met. The Princess, seeing King Oscar, hastily concealed her face behind her veil. The King expressed a hope that his chance rencontre might not be considered a breach of the rules of etiquette. No reply came from the Princess, as she is supposed not to speak to any man, but it is said that the King was accorded a glimpse of the fair lady's countenance.

CRONJE AT ST. HELENA.

He Is at Longwood, Napoleon's Old Home.

Cronje, the lion of South Africa, has arrived at St. Helena and occupies the prison of Napoleon, once the master of the world.

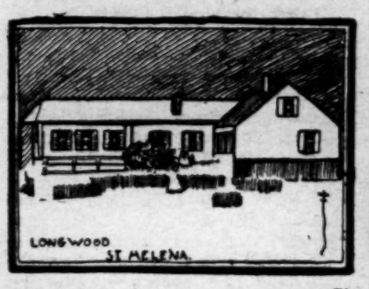
The French are loud in their sympathy for the gallant Cronje, and they are furious, almost beyond expression, that the British should put the rough old Boer farmer on a level with the great Napoleon.

To an impartial outsider the situation has some amusing features, but it will not decrease the accumulation of anti-British sentiment that is stored up in various parts of the world.

Sending Cronje and his men to St. Helena puts escape entirely out of the question, as the Boers have not even a ship to send after him. The island is 1,200 miles from the nearest African shore, about 2,000 miles from the Transvaal and many thousand miles from anywhere else.

Longwood is a long, low, rambling building. It was originally a barn of the East India Company. It was then converted into a residence and is really a comfortable country house. It is situated, however, in one of the dampest, coldest and most inaccessible parts of the island. It was for the last named quality that it was chosen as a residence for Napoleon.

The Emperor, who had been used to the dry and cheerful climate of France and Southern Europe, complained bitterly of the dampness of Longwood. He demanded one thousand weight of



firewood a month, whereupon Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor, remarked that he only used three hundred weight himself, and refused any more. There were long and angry discussions between Sir Hudson and Napoleon's suite on the subject of firewood.

Longwood can be watched all the time from Plantation House, the residence of the Governor, and commanded by guns from the same place.

It is not likely that Cronje will make the same complaint about cold and hardship as Napoleon, because he has been used to the rough, hard life of a farmer. What worries him about St. Helena is that it makes escape impossible, of which he had a pretty good chance at Cape Town.

Cronje will receive the same treatment from the British soldiers as Napoleon did, in order to make the strange chain of historical repetition complete. Napoleon was not allowed to go anywhere about the island without having a red-coated soldier follow him or the members of his suite without a special pass from the Governor. The officer in charge of the guard was instructed by the Governor to drop in "as if by accident" whenever Napoleon was seen conversing with a stranger outdoors and hear everything said. This treatment really killed Napoleon, for he refused to take exercise when subject to such spying, and this brought on the illness from which he died.

THE YOUNGEST SHRINER.

Not Yet Twenty-two Years Old, but Is on the High Road of Masonry.

The subject of this sketch, Mr. John S. Curtis of Ludlow, Penn., claims to be the youngest Shriner and Thirty-second Degree Mason in the United States. This is equivalent to saying that he is the youngest Shriner in the world, the prerequisites of membership in the countries of Europe being such that no applicant for the order can pass through the councils of Masonry which are in amity with and recognized by the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine in the brief space of time covered in conferring the degrees upon this applicant. Mr. Curtis is not yet 22 years of age. His application for Masonic membership was presented in May, 1899, when he became of age, and he was made a Thirty-second Degree Mason of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite at Pittsburg Consistory on Nov. 24 of the same year. On the 13th of December he was made a Noble of the Mystic Shrine at Zem Zem Temple, Erie, Penn. Zem Zem is the name of a famous Arabic well in Mecca. The Temple by this name has been organized nine years, and now has a membership of 598, claiming to have made the greatest gain of any Temple in the United States during the past five years. To the Imperial Council, which meets at Washington in May, Mr. Curtis has recently been named as a delegate.—Leslie's Weekly.

Napoleon Relic.

Among Napoleonic relics sold in London recently was a remnant of the flag made by the women of St. Helena which covered Napoleon's coffin when conveyed to the French warship Belle Poule for transportation to France. It has always been a favorite occupation of women who have any military connections to embroider these emblems and the flag now floating over Ladysmith was worked by Lady Roberts.

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Our Stables, In Freeman's Alley

Where I can accommodate fifty horses. Call and inspect our new and modern caskets and investigate our methods of doing first-class work.

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Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in

Malarial Regions,

will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

Try Them Fairly.

A vigorous body, pure blood, strong nerves and a cheerful mind will result.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

OZONO!

King of Hair Dressings.

WHAT IS OZONO?

A preparation prepared solely and distinctly to improve the condition of the hair of the negro race. Not a worthless, offensive, obnoxious, greasy mass of injurious nostrums, but a delicately perfumed unguent beautiful to look upon; made to adorn the lady, polish the gentleman, benefit youth, and gladden old age. OZONO straightens knotty, nappy, kinky, refractory hair. OZONO does this *alone*. No hot irons are necessary; no plastering down with grease. OZONO individually straightens, without any outside assistance. It will cause the hair to come back on bald spots. It will restore gray hair to its natural color. It will cause the hair to grow long and straight, soft and fine, and beautiful as an April morn. It will cure all itching, burning, running, humiliating Scalp Diseases, Dandruff, Tetter, Scurf, and Eczema. Itch cannot live after OZONO has been applied. It is as pure as the dew-drop, beautiful as the morn, and harmless as the rippling water in the babbling brook. Cleanliness is next to Godliness; filth is a *crime*. If your hair is short and harsh and kinky; if your scalp is covered with scurf and dandruff, or itch, or eczema it is doubtless your fault alone. If your little ones' heads are a mass of crusty, scaly, flaky scurf, teeming with germs and microbes, that are invisible to the naked eye, but which are sapping the life from the hair and destroying it forever, and you allow this state to go on, it is a *crime*. It is your place to stop this—a duty you owe to yourself, to your child, to your Maker. OZONO is your remedy. OZONO will positively and permanently remove all the diseases and straighten and beautify the hair, making it silky and glossy and black as the raven's wing. OZONO, as compared with other hair remedies, stands as high as the mountain peak, fair as the lily, and glorious as the sun. OZONO is King. The price is **50c.** a box. It requires about four boxes to complete the treatment.

OUR GRAND OFFER.

Write to us at once, enclosing the small sum of **ONE DOLLAR,** and we will immediately forward to you four large boxes of OZONO. We will also send you one large bottle of ELECTRIC SKIN REFINER, which makes rough skin soft and brightens the blackest skin, making it several shades lighter. Now, there is much fraud practiced with face bleaches. Understand, we do not advertise this bleach to make one white. God alone can accomplish this, and it would be miraculous. Unpin your faith from frauds. We assert that our Refiner will soften rough skin and brighten black skin, but it can do no more. Take our advice; don't fool with any bleach that is advertised to make you white; it is more apt to poison you. We will also include one fancy jar of ELECTRICAL SKIN FOOD, which is a sure remedy for all Skin Eruptions, Pimples, Black Heads, Liver Spots, and all Skin Diseases. It will remove Wrinkles, Scars, Facial Blemishes, and will positively take out Small-Pox Pits. This is saying a great deal, but it is true. It makes the old look young and the young look younger. And, lastly, to prove our liberality we will add a one-pint package of ANTI-ODOR. This remedy removes all smells and odors arising from the human body. Its uses are too numerous to mention. Full directions go with all goods. This grand aggregation is worth $3 50. Send **$1.00,** mention the name of this paper, and you will get the goods at once. We ship all orders same day goods are received.

We wish to state that we are a thoroughly reliable firm, having many thousand dollars in our business. We refer to the editor of this paper, or to any business house in Richmond. Our remedies and our business is founded on the altar of truth. Write your name and address plainly.

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To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Phosphates." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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SUN CURED TOBACCO

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ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

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No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

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STABLE SUPPLIES.

211

I shall in this column endeavor to nswer all correspondence that may e sent and I urgently request young adies to read this column and any uestions that they wish answered lease send them in before Saturday f each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

Lucy:—You are a very good girl. Girls are few who will deny themselves for their parents.

A. B. Be careful how you talk and what you talk about. Everybody who smiles at you is not your friend.

P. E. You are alright to look at, but your ways are despisable. The most unpopular person is the one with ugly actions.

X. X. When one is deceived in a friend, then there is a heart broken. It is hard to deceive a sensible person though the best of us are deceived sometimes.

Victor:—You should not write a letter that the third cannot see it, then you would have no cause to be uneasy.

Alex:—The man may not be thorough ly educated; but what is the difference if he is a gentleman and is willing and able to take care of you. I am sure his family connections are first class. Women oftimes have to work for these so-called educated men.

'Tis sad to see a man or woman puff d up with his own folly. The sweetest person is the one who is unconscious of his own good traits.

Inquirer:—Iron will wear out in course of time, then why not the patience of people. After all there is such thing as "patience ceasing to be a virtue."

Laura:—Yes, true friendship is worth a great deal as it is something not bought or sold but comes of its own accord.

Lizzie:—It is bad policy to talk too much. When some people have a misunderstanding, they tell all they know. It shows weakness on any one's part.

K. If the gentleman is a farmer, and such is your admiration, pay no attention to what others may say.

Model:—Next year will bring forth many marriages among the school girls. Already the ladies are talking about going out, while others are going to come in.

Lena:—A changeable person cannot be trusted. Such a person usually handles the truth carelessly.

Fannie:—I do not like to see a lady at the theatre, at night, alone. I see no impropriety in two ladies going out at night alone. In fact I rather like to see an independent spirit. Some men seem to think that women can't get anywhere " without them.

To say the least, I am dreadfully opposed to any lady buying tickets or making a man change to pay her own and his admission to a place of amusement. Matters not if they are to be married, this should be strictly prohibited. If a man is allowed to depend on a woman's resources before marriage, she will certainly have him to take care of after marriage.

One cannot be too careful of the company he keeps. One evil person can do no more harm in one day than good can be done in two. Beware of the talkative man or woman, because they are full of danger.

[illegible] are about to fall, try and see how many they can put down with them,

Dottie:—Saunders and Stayman is a place to go to buy the latest music.

Now that you are married you should be true to your marriage vows. Girl is a bride for one year.

Willie:—Jealousy is not always a token of love. Some people won't do themselves and get angry because others do The best way to keep a friend is to have plenty admirers. Of course there are exceptions to this rule.

Katsy:—Don't wear your walking skirt so short as it is not becoming. Your make up doesn't warrant it.

Respect means one thing and honor means another. Blessed is the man or woman who has both.

Doing nothing is the hardest work for an industrious person.

Jessie:—Brown eyes mean tender-ness.

A large nose is not handsome, but it indicates generosity.

Talk is cheap, it can be done, to order, especially when there is a pretence to inspire.

This being a white season, most of the girls will be compelled to dress becomingly, as white can be worn by almost everyone.

S. Watch the person who talks about himself, because he will be sure to talk about others.

It is not the proper thing for a lady to hold a man's hat and coat throughout church services. Men should be made to know that they have hands to lap of their own.

MINISTER FELL BY POKER.

Streak of Luck Struck by a Young Crusader.

He was new in the city. When he first arrived strangers who saw him gambled that he was either a professional poker player or a minister. They could not tell which. He was not known personally to the men who frequented the gambling houses, and not much notice was taken of him when, in search of material for his sermon, he walked in alone one Monday night and glanced nervously around a room where a dozen men were playing different games. It seemed familiar to him for in his younger and wilder days he had gambled himself. The manager spied him and put him down at once as a slick professional who was there on a tiger-bucking expedition. He spoke to him, and learned his name.

"Dawson," he repeated. "Say, are you old Bill Dawson who used to run the faro bank in Memphis when I was there ten years ago? No? Well you are welcome, for you look like the dead game article and if you can beat me why then all well and good."

Mr. Dawson did not know how to explain. He had an inkling that he would be sent away if he said he was Dawson the minister, so he said nothing. He walked about aimlessly. The proprietor wanted to see him play. Dawson had not looked for anything like this and hesitated. The proprietor pushed him. There was a two dollar game, he said, just starting in the next room and they needed another player. The rattling of the chips and the calls of the gamblers, with the big money in sight, dazed Dawson and he allowed himself to be pushed into the poker room. Before he really knew what was up the proprietor had shoved him to a chair.

"Here's a good player, boys," he said, "and I want to see what he can do. He is Mr. Dawson and he is all right."

Of course the players were glad to see Mr. Dawson, but gladder to see the color of his money.

"You look like you could deal the cards in the pulpit," said a big man at the table, and Dawson colored. He laughed it away. The proprietor came up and Dawson, like a man in a dream, took out some money and bought a stack of chips.

"Seems as if the new player is dopy," commented a hitherto silent player, and Dawson braced himself. He saw that he was in for it and he had to play his way out. If he could lose, he thought, and then get away nobody would suspect that he was the parson, and all would be serene.

The game opened slow. There were no good hands running and the betting was quiet, so Dawson had more time to think. He was the last man to deal and he took the cards nervously, but the feel of the pasteboards seemed to give him more confidence in himself and he shuffled them like a veteran. Everything was a jack pot and the first man to say opened for a couple of dollars. Two others stayed, a third raised and Dawson came in. There was more betting. When cards were called the opener stood pat, another man wanted two cards, another three and Dawson took one. He had drawn to aces and eights, the gambler's hand, and when he picked up the fifth card he saw the ace of spades. The betting got lively. The opener, with a flush, considered it good and bet accordingly. Dawson, who by that time, felt the return of his old-time sporting blood, came on with a raise which paralyzed some of the more timid players and they dropped out. The dealer stuck and sent back another raise which was met and returned. Dawson was not going to cover and it was left to the opener to call.

"That's good," the opener said quietly, when Dawson announced that he had a full hand, and so the big pot, which was rich, was moved over to the parson's corner.

By this time the minister forgot his cloth and his errand to the place and he played with all his old-time enthusiasm. The cards ran well; it was just such a streak of luck as occasionally is found with a newcomer. The minister took in pot after pot. Once there was a good pot which had been sweetened time and again, and when one of the players said he would open it, Dawson found that he did not have a pair even to go in with. He had an ace, a jack, a seven, a trey and a deuce. He wanted to go in and try for the pot. He could well afford to lose a few. He started to draw to the ace, but reconsidered and held up the seven because he considered it lucky. Well, when he picked up his four cards, glanced at them without moving a feature and began raising the big bets, the other players put him down as a wonderful bluffer and came back at him hot and fast. When the big man finally called, the gambling parson quietly laid down four sevens and raked in the pot. He had beaten four fours. That was a sample of his luck.

At daylight Dawson cashed in $1,670 from the night's game. Just as he had shoved the money into his clothes a man came out from the room where the faro banking had been open, and recognized the minister.

"Why, Mr. Dawson," he said, "what are you doing here?"

Dawson tried to explain. There was a wrangle. Finally Dawson explained the whole thing. To make a long story short Dawson packed his things and left the town at noon. Soon afterward I heard of him plunging high in Denver, and from that time on he turned in to be a professional gambler.

AN ADEPT AT PROMOTION.

He Makes the Quickest Financial Recovery on Record.

GOOD TRUST ORGANIZER

William H. Moore Pays $5,000,000 in Debts and Wins a Fortune of $10,000,000 in Five Years—Wall Street Wonders What He Will Do Next.

W. H. Moore is the necromancer of corporations. The Match Trust, the "Cracker" Trust, the Strawboard Trust, the Steel Trust, the Tin Plate Trust, and other trusts were the creations of his brain, and he has before

him a country full of trust possibilities. Men in Wall street are now waiting to hear that another trust and a great one is under way.

As an organizer and financial director of great industrial combinations Judge Moore, who is one of the latest additions to New York's colony of Chicago millionaires, will probably always be better known than as a lawyer, but it was due to his knowledge of the corporation laws of many States that he was able to coalesce millions of dollars of the capital of great industries into great trade and manufacturing combinations. Added to his knowledge of corporation law he possesses the merchant sense to a marvellous degree. He juggles with millions of dollars as other men do with thousands. All his undertakings have reached into the millions, and his profits are numbered in like sums.

He has had the rare distinction of failing for $5,000,000. But that was nothing to this wizard of money, for before four years had passed he was out of debt and $10,000,000 ahead of the game. It takes a financier to do that. And through it all not a smirch has been put upon his good name.

One of the first industries to attract his attention was match manufacturing, in which, while the Diamond Match Company was the leader, there was great competition. In 1889 he succeeded in consolidating nearly all of the match interests under a single control, which was run on Standard Oil principles as nearly as possible and which opposed competition wherever it found it. It was through speculating in the stock of the Diamond Match Company that the Moore brothers lost $5,000,000 and went into debt for $5,000,000 more.

Besides the Diamond Match Company Judge Moore succeeded in organizing what was known as the Cracker Trust, or the New York Biscuit Company, the American Strawboard Company and the National Steel Company. The latter, his greatest achievement, was completed February 7, 1889. It embraces the National Steel Company, the American Tin Plate Company, the American Steel Hoop Company and the American Sheet Steel Company. This organization took in the leading steel mills of the country except the Carnegie interests, and represents capitalization of many millions of dollars. In 1898 the Moores had promoted the National Biscuit Company, which brought them a net profit of $2,000,000, and after the organization of the steel companies their fees for their services had amounted to $10,000,000. These corporations, with the Strawboard Trust, which was not as successful as the others, are known as the "Moore group," and represent an aggregate capitalization of $225,000,000.

In November, 1899, William H. Moore went to New York, and a month later bought the house then being built by W. E. D. Stokes at No. 4 East Fifty-fourth street, adjoining Fifth avenue, and the residence of Henry M. Flagler. This was evidence of his permanent residence in New York, and something startling was looked for in the interests that he represented. The Stokes house cost him $325,000. Until the house was finished, in March, he lived at the Holland House, and was one of its most inconspicuous guests. His fifty-fourth street house is a five story American basement structure, on ground 36 feet front and 100 feet deep. It has a cut stone front, solid marble stairways, and is well lighted and ventilated, having windows on three sides.

Manners.

The Boston mamma was thoroughly out of patience.

"Thoreau," she exclaimed, shaking her three-year-old son until his outside pair of glasses fell off, "how often must I tell you not to devour books with your elbows on the table!"

To have a child who is deficient in manners, is, in some towns, as sharp, if not sharper, than a serpent's tooth

SHE HITS THE BULL'S EYE.

Great Shooting by a Young Indiana Woman.

COMES BY IT NATURALLY

Possibly It May be a Case of Heredity, But at all Events She Is a Wonder—Her Passion for Target Shooting—Will Continue to Practise.

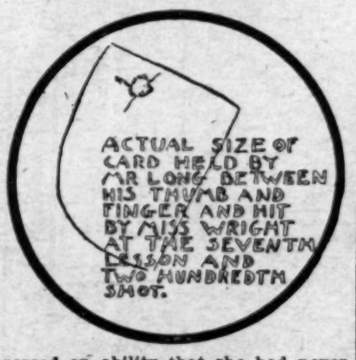
Some one has said there is a latent talent in every human being that, given an opportunity, is certain to push its way to the front. This would

(Miss Sonia Wright.)

seem to be true of Miss Sonia Wright, of Lafayette, Ind., who is at the present moment attracting a great deal of notice to herself by reason of the very phenomenal shooting she is doing with a target rifle. It should be said for Miss Wright that, although her father was a British soldier, a member of the Royal Engineers, and she herself was born in the army, in Ireland, she was not at all acquainted with firearms, and when one day she visited the Lafayette Water Works with a party of ladies, the subject of guns coming up, she innocently asked the difference between a rifle and a shotgun.

John E. Long, the expert shot, who, though not laying claim to any championship honors, is yet regarded as one of the best all round fancy, trick and target shooters in the United States, is assistant engineer at the water works. Mr. Long was showing Miss Wright and her companions his supply of rifles, and during the explanation remarked that if he could find some bright-eyed, steady-nerved boy—one like his own son Clarence, recently deceased—he believed he would take him and train him in the use of firearms. Miss Wright jocularly asked him if she would not do as a pupil, and with no thought of her ever coming back Mr. Long responded affirmatiyely. Three or four days later Miss Wright presented herself, saying she came for her first lesson. Long procured the guns, and after showing Miss Wright how to handle the weapon, placed a cartridge in one of them and told her to shoot.

The very first shot Miss Wright fired struck the bull's-eye. Mr. Long, as well as his pupil, naturally supposed this was an accident, but it only went to show that the young lady pupil pos-


ACTUAL SIZE OF CARD HELD BY MR LONG BETWEEN HIS THUMB AND FINGER AND HIT BY MISS WRIGHT AT THE SEVENTH LESSON AND TWO HUNDREDTH SHOT.

sessed an ability that she had never before known about. At the second lesson given her by Mr. Long the young woman put 20 out of a possible 22 shots in a space one inch long and one-half inch wide. This was at off-hand target practice, ten yards.

At the 120th shot fired by Miss Wright the bullet cut in twain a card that was held edgewise toward her. This card was cut in two at the first shot made at it, and the shot was made at the regular stage range of twenty-four feet. I saw a bit of cardboard with a bullet hole therein; it is a piece held between his thumb and finger by Mr. Long, whose confidence in the ability of the pupil was so great that he permitted her to shoot at the card as it was held in his hand.

At a public entertainment given by a church recently Miss Wright with a rifle cut cards edgewise, lighted a match with the bullet as it sped from the rifle, snuffed out a candle and knocked the ashes from the end of a cigar, not making a single miss. She says the candle shooting was the most difficult, because unless the bullet hit the wick the light would not be extinguished. She says she has developed a passion for target shooting, and intends, by practice, to become as expert as it is possible for a woman to be with a rifle.

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A. W. [illegible], Pres't.

Found the Ring.

An interesting story comes from Provo regarding the age of miracles. For those who are not superstitious it is doubly entertaining. During a recent visit of President George Q. Cannon to the Southern town he was entertained at the home of L. Holbrook, manager of the Grand Central Mine. Mr. Holbrook's fifteen-year-old daughter Aura told President Cannon that she had dreamed three times that she had found a diamond ring, and in the third dream a man giving his name as Vanness, and address Dallas, Texas, had told her he lost a ring while going through Provo 10 years ago, and that she could find it under a certain rock, giving minute details as to the location of the same. President Cannon listened to the story with interest, and at its conclusion told the girl she should follow up her dream. Aura got on her wheel and rode away. In less than two minutes she returned, holding a diamond ring in her hand. She claims to have found it in the place described by her dreamland visitant.

It is interesting to know that Miss Aura has a fondness for diamond rings and has answered a great many advertisements of them.—Salt Lake Herald.

Stole Watch to Get Square.

"Great Scott! but that's a fine watch," came from the chorus. "Where did you get it?" "Stole it," answered its possessor calmly. "You don't believe me, do you?" he went on. "Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on a Western district which enjoyed the reputation of being the toughest one covered by the house. I had some time to kill and so went into one of the gambling joints. It isn't necessary to go into details as to what happened. As luck would have it, there were a half dozen others in the place beside myself, who might be considered as possible victims. When the time came the lights were put out suddenly and then we had "rough house" for about ten minutes. In the middle of it I felt somebody grab my watch, and reached out after him. I caught some one [illegible] felt that he was just putting a watch in his trousers pocket. I gave his wrist a hard wrench and got the timepiece. Then I broke away. When I got to the light I found the watch was this one. As I never heard from the owners, I have kept it to compensate for the loss of mine." After which the waiter hurried over in response to six different signals.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Turkey Five Feet High.

John McCormick, a farmer who resides across the river from here in Illinois, is the owner of a turkey gobbler which towers in the air five feet and weighs 65 pounds. It looks more like an ostrich than a turkey. Its legs at the feet are an inch and a half in diameter, while close to the body they are the same size of an ordinary man's arm at the elbow. The bird's wings measure seven feet from tip to tip.—Clinton, Ia., Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

ATTENTION! LADIES!

HAIR RESTORER

All who are dersirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer. Oriental Complexion Cream also cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

Treatment of the Skin and Scalp

STRAIGHTENING A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of implements and toilet articles for sale.
1545 4th Street Northwest.
Agency at THE BEE Office.

Only one man,
in washington gives 12 cabinet size Phos and a
Crayon Portrait for $5.00
PRICE, ARTIST, PHOTOGRAPH
723 Seventh Street, N. W.

PISO'S CURE FOR
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best **Cough Medicine.**
If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.
CONSUMPTION

INDIAN CANNIBAL JAILED.

Brings to Light a Horrible Custom in the Northwest.

MAN-EATING FRATERNITY

Hideous Rites Practised as a Spring Festival—In Ancient Times a Young Squaw Was Always Sacrificed for the Occasion.

An Indian cannibal has been sent to jail in Vancouver. His crime was part of an ancient rite. He was an initiate of the Ha-mattsa, an Indian secret fraternity which demands of its members that they acquire a taste for human flesh.

One of the prisoners was a well-known halfbreed named George Hunt. He had charge of a band of Indians exhibited at the World's Fair, and he acted as interpreter for Dr. Franz Boas, of the Museum of Natural History, New York, when the latter was in Vancouver collecting data for his important work on Indian customs, now filed at the Smithsonian Institution.

There was insufficient evidence for the conviction of Hunt, and the same is true of all the defendants save one. He was convicted of having devoured a portion of the body of a squaw.

It is only among a few of the far northern and inland tribes, remote from civilization and stubborn in their resistance to missionary effort, that the horrible rites of the Ha-mattsa, or flesh-eaters, survive.

Every Spring the Ha-mattsa holds its initiation ceremonies for new candidates, accompanied by feasting and dancing and other wild orgies. The chief purpose of the initiation is to create in the aspirant the taste for human flesh.

Many curious facts about the cannibal fraternity are known. For initiation into the Ha-mattsa the novice must go and live four or five weeks in the forest, seeing no one and eating no food.

At the end of his banishment his "spirit" appears in the shape of some animal, which he at once kills and devours raw, whereby he is supposed to imbibe its courage and strength, which thereafter dwells in him.

He returns to the forest adorned with a headdress of cedar bark, dyed red, which is one of the emblems of the flesh-eating fraternity, and is worn by him during the progress of the initiation. He is met by a band of the secret brotherhood, who escort him to the village with much ceremony.

They are joined by an attendant bearing in his arms a dead body, which

(Cannibal Orgie of the Ha-mattsa.)

must be that of a young squaw. In ancient times she was sacrificed for the occasion.

Walking behind the body the candidate is led into the dancing-house, which has been cleared for the ceremony.

The body is tied to a post and the unspeakable rite begins.

Then comes another stage of the ceremony—the eating of living flesh. The Ha-mattsa run hither and thither among themselves, biting with the ferocity of a wildcat, and eating their flesh.

It is a point of pride with the victims to endure the onslaught with stoicism. Besides, the customs of the order prescribe gifts for those who allow themselves to be bitten. The first prize on one occasion was awarded to a boy who allowed a large mouthful to be detached from his forearm.

Having faithfully performed all that is required of him, the candidate is pronounced by the elders a full-fledged Ha-mattsa.

Hetty Green Says.

A girl should be brought up so as to be able to make her own living, whether or not she's going to inherit a fortune.

A woman's place is in the home, though some women do better in business than men.

A girl ought to be careful about the man she marries, especially if she has money.

A woman oughtn't to marry until she's old enough to know what she's doing.

A Waco (Tex.) Gem.

If a man's in love, that's his business. If a girl's in love, that's her business. If they get married, they want groceries—that's our business.—W. R. Finks & Co.

DUNLIN & MARTIN CO

Hot Needables

Refrigerators,
Water Coolers, and
Ice Cream Freezers.

Not only needables—but absolute necessities. And as you must have them summer after summer—it certainly pays to buy the reliable, satisfactory, economical kinds that last a lifetime, and pay for themselves many times in the ice they save.

"Monroe" Refrigerators.

Are porcelain lined. White and bright. Clean and easily cleaned. Porcelain all in one piece. No cracks for food to lodge in and decay. Perfectly dry air circulation Cantaloupe and onions may be kept in the upper compartment without affecting butter and milk in the lower. Wonderful ice savers.

"Eddy" Refrigerators.

Save enough ice and food in a single summer to pay for themselves The heat can't get in and the cold can't get ont. The zinc lining and slate stone shelves make dampness an impossibility. More than 500,000 in use.

Water Coolers & Stands

METAL, WOODEN, and NICKEL-PLATED COOLERS porcelain lined. FANCY STONE COOLERS.

White Mountain ice cream freazers

Freeze cream and other delacacies in only 4 minutes. We have all sizes from 1 quart up.

15 20 and 25 quarts with fly wheel only, and also with galvanized iron platform.

Dunlin and martin

Successors to M. W. Beveridge, china, Glass, Silver &c.

1214 F Street &
1214 G Street.

AFRICAN RAILWAYS.

Great Developments Prophesied During the Next Twenty Years.

In twenty years' time, it is safe to prophesy, railway development in Africa will have made enormous strides, and the many important branch lines to connect with the Cape-Cairo trunk will have been constructed or be near completion. In the south the line from Johannesburg will have joined that at Bulawayo; Bulwayo, again, will be connected with a line running right across country to Walfisch Bay in German West Africa. In Central Africa the trunk line will connect with German and British lines running to the east coast; and it is only reasonable to suppose that by that time a line or lines through Belgian territory will conect or be in close touch with the Cape-to-Cairo route. And that the trunk line will be a paying concern there is no reason to doubt.

In the Rhodesian section already built the returns have advanced by leaps and bounds. The engineering difficulties of the Cape-to-Cairo line are considerable, but not insurmountable; so that, with Mr. Rhodes at the head to "push things along," there is every prospect of the scheme, vast as it is, being successfully accomplished. —Engineering Magazine.

Kitchener's Way.

Before Lord Roberts left Cape Town he called into his office a certain colonel and charged him with a certain mission. "Now," said the chief, "how soon can you put this through? I know you'll do the best you can." "Well," replied the colonel, "I'll try to do it in a fortnight." "Well," Lord Roberts replied, "I know you will do the best you can," and with a pleasant smile he dismissed the officer. Outside the door he met Lord Kitchener. "Well?" said Kitchener, with business-like abruptness. "Oh," said the colonel, "I have just seen the chief, and he wants me to do so and so." "When are you going to get it through?" "Well," said the colonel, "I promised to try and do it in a fortnight." "Now, colonel," was Kitchener's retort, "if this is not done within a week we shall have to see about sending you home!" And done it was.

The government monopoly of the liquor business which Russia began to introduce in 1895 now extends to thirty-five districts. The profits last year amounted to 321,000,000 rubles.

TUNLIN JR.

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THE ANNUAL CONCERT AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.
OF THE

Washington High School
9th, 10th and 11th Divisions,
AT
ISRAEL C. M. E. CHURCH,
Corner 1st and B sts.,(near the Capitol)
Friday, May 25, 1900, at 8 P. M.

Delightful Drama!
Beautiful Delsarte Exercises!
Fine Quartette!
Grand Chorus!
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Competative Drill!
High School Glee Club!

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NELSONS STRAIGHTINE
The LATEST DISCOVERY FOR MAKING
KNOTTY, KINKY, CURLY HAIR STRAIGHT.

STRAIGHTINE is no experiment, but a thoroughly reliable preparation. It has been successfully used by thousands in all portions of the country. We have hundreds of letters speaking in the highest terms of its merit, and every mail brings us fresh testimonials. Straightine is a highly perfumed pomade; it not only Straightens the Hair, but removes Dandruff, Keeps the Hair from Falling Out, cures Itching, Irritating Scalp Diseases, giving a rich, long and luxurious head of hair—so much to be desired. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Price, 25 Cents a can at all drug stores, or sent by mail to any address on receipt of 30 Cents in stamps or silver. Address, NELSON M'F'G CO., Richmond, Va. Big Money for Agents. Write for Terms.

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All Kinds Of Meats, Vegetables Cigars, Tobacco, &c.

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The Best Afro-American Accommodation in the city.

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The best wines, imported brandies. Fine old whiskies always on hand. Good Havana cigars.

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Tickets sold Saturdays and Sundays for return on following Monday, at reduced rates from Washington to Charleston, Frederick, Annapolis Junction and intermediate points.

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The Cottage has been greatly improved and refitted with new carpets and additional furniture.

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Clinton Cottage is splendidly located only two blocks from the ocean front.

The dining room has been newly fitted up and will be run separate from the cafe.

The cafe will be run on the European Plan.

Board by the week, day, or by meals, also ice cream and confectionaries for sale.

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Ldies' & Gentlemen's Cafe Upstairs
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Green and Smoked Sausage, to sell at the exceeding low figure of 8⅓c per lb., so come early and you won't be left.
best Elgin Butter, 30c per pound.
Pure Butchers' Lard, 7½ per pound.
Fresh Liver at 6½ Cents a pound.

A Full Line of Mince Meat, Raisins, Currants, Figs, Nuts, Candies, Cocoanut, & Jelly.

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C. A. CAMPBELL MFG. CO.,
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Buy pure food that appeals to your appetite. . . .

OLD HOMESTEAD and GRANDMA'S

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BEST BREADS IN TOWN.

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It is easy enough to figure out the cause of the maraculous growth of this Store, Such methods as are characteristic of this store must win—have won—trade. No other store in the world is as liberal—is more honest and straightforward. When a purchase is unsatisfactory it is made satisfactory or money returned. When you want wearables for yourself or family or household necessities and haven't the ready money Hechts will come to your rescue with their system of "charging," purchases which is a most splendid accomodation. Terms are made to suit the buyer in every instance and as long as you continue to pay your bills promptly;

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD.

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LEE'S TAKE-OUT KINK

The only article ever manufactured that actually takes the KINKS out of the hair. It will make the hair straight soft, pliable and beautiful. Nicely perfumed. Guaranteed pure and harmless. One bottle will convince the most doubtful that it will do all that we claim for it.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Lee's Medicant Company.

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Sheet Music of all kinds at largest discounts.

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H. K. Fulton has removed his Loan Office from his old stand, 1218 Pa., avenue to his handsome new building, 314 9th street, n. w., between Penn. ave. and D st, n, w., where he will be pleased to see his old riends and customers.

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Fit Guaranteed. Popular Pri
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